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Red is a deepest colour



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Chapter 1 by LHShum Shum

My third grade English Teacher, Mrs. Hutfh, had always told me to leave the title of a paper to the end, because it would always change. Also because I always got too nervous when writing one, and got words wrong. I am no native English speaker, I come from Eleleuk, a 2nd class sub-state from one Oceania. We were established just after the year 09. So that's why us, the Eleleuks, established ourselves so quickly. I don't remember us being anything before we called ourselves Eleleuks. I think we had no name. We still don't. We're just called 2nd class sub-state.

I am older than 10 years. Some days I forget who I am and my entire past, sometimes I don't. That's one of conditions. But the past doesn't matter, everyday I wake up, I ask them and they still say it is year 09. Time never seems to pass. Or maybe I can't tell. Life's still.

I think I see the colour. I have to run.

Chapter 2 by Isaiah Ellis



No matter what happens, I can't look at that color. Then They might find me. I turn and run, sinking deeper and deeper into that color. They found me. They're here. As I try to run, things

start to fade. No, no, no, they can't be here. I trip on a root, and fall face first into the dirt. The world is getting darker. No, it's too dark. I close my eyes. But it has gotten a hold of me. I start to breath heavy.

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Everything is red.

Chapter 3 by thefluffyone



I am enclosed in a shield of red, filtering my vision. No, no. The shield is clear. It's my eyes. My eyes are red. My eyes are telling me everything is red. My eyes are liars.

They don't like us, of course.

We're different than them. We're, well, we're stronger.

And they can't have someone stronger than them in their country. Oh, no. They just can't take it.

So I try to keep it a secret most of the time.

But now the secret is out.

Chapter 4 by Kaylee



Granted I didn't try very hard to keep it hidden... Could they see it from the outside? My deep red eyes?

It was too late, I was too paranoid. I had to run, but yet, something was stopping me. Like a hand holding me back I felt a pressure on my chest. My life was here now wasn't it. I could not just leave.

There was something I had to do first.

And another thought popped into my mind but it was gone in an instant. A pain like a pinch filled my head.

"Time" a voice rang in my head causing even more pain. I wanted it to stop, I willed to stop. I was going to make a scene. People would look at me, this was bad.

It's too late, they're already looking. Can they see the red?

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